

# SAFETY'S DAY

## BY WENDELL PHILLIPS

Established Aug. 4, 1861. BEACON &amp; PATERSON, Publishers,

No. 315 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Price 25c a Year, in Advance. Whole Number Bound, 50c.

Single Number 5c.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1865.

## MARRY OF BERNARD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY B. J. HOWE.

"One of the most remarkable of the Dogs of St. Bernard was Barry, who is known to have saved the lives of at least forty individuals. After a life of active service, Barry was sent down the mountain to a warm and comfortable home, where he passed the rest of his days in honorable quiet. At his death his body was carefully buried, and his skin was stuffed—and there he may be seen in the Museum of Berne, standing as large as life, with his collar and bottle round his neck, ready to start on his labors of love!"—*Solemn Visitor.*

Wildly the winds on their wintry course are howling.

Singing their dirges on every Alpine height; Darkly the skies from their clouded depths are scowling.

Leaving no star to illuminate the night. Yet there is one who, no danger ever fearing,

Faithfully is telling, nor claiming a reward; Forth on his errand of mercy he is speeding—

Noble Barry, brave Barry of Bernard!

Famous Barry! faithful Barry!

Noble Barry of Bernard!

Ever when tempests fearfully are raging,

Drifting the gorges with deep and blinding snow,

He in his labors cheerfully engaging,

Forth to the rescue of travellers will go.

Vainly the Storm King may rage and roar around him,

Rain, hail, or snow he will never once regard;

Trusty and true the bewildered e'er have found him,

Noble Barry, brave Barry of Bernard!

Famous Barry! faithful Barry!

Noble Barry of Bernard!

Thus on Life's journey, when clouds of gloom are o'er us,

Dark when misfortunes are gathering round our way,

Nobly performing the work that is before us,

May we go forward through each successive day.

Thus may we ever, alive to true emotion,

Shrink from no duty though off it seemeth hard,

Taking in this, as a type of self-devotion,

Noble Barry, brave Barry of Bernard!

Famous Barry! faithful Barry!

Noble Barry of Bernard!

## GUARDIAN AND WARD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

Up and down a gloomy corridor of a stately house, a little girl paced, a shy, timid look in her mournful eyes, a nervous tremor and shrinking of the slight frame if her quick ear caught the sound of a step in the direction of the library, where a pale, grave man sat and pored over ponderous tomes.

She longed yet dreaded for him to come forth. The loving heart of the child yearned for a warmer greeting than the simple clasp of the hand and grave accents of welcome which he had bestowed upon her the night previous, when he lifted her from the carriage at Heatherstone Place. Yet, when she thought him approaching, she would start and turn pale, even shrink away from sight sometimes, and hide in the folds of the heavy damask curtains shading the window at the end of the long corridor.

All day she had watched and waited thus vainly. Chill and cold were the gloom and silence of this stately home, after a life of gaiety, sunshine and affection. Her little heart ached with a sorrow before unknown, and at length she threw herself down upon the carpet in the shadow of the curtains, and sobbed with a fullness of woe of which she had never dreamed.

Orphaned and alone in the wide world; no hand to raise her; no voice to speak tenderly in her ear words of comfort and affection! What wonder the poor child felt miserable and homesick—starving for sympathy, and none to be found?

"Oh! mamma—papa!" she moaned in her grief. "I am so lonely! Why did you go away from me? I don't want to stay here! I want to come too!" And again passionate sobs shook her little frame.

Mark Heatherstone, forgetful of all the world beyond his own thought realm, had come out of the library, and with arms crossed over his breast, betook himself to pacing the corridor as the child had done for hours before. He had even forgotten that she was in the house, a dependent upon him for care and tenderness, when the sound of her sobs reached and startled him.

With rapid, silent strides, making no sound by his footfall upon the thick carpet, he reached the window and looked pityingly down upon the delicate girl stretched upon the floor in the abandonment of grief. A deep look of trouble crept into his eyes as he gazed. What could he

do? Why did she grieve? His heart was tender and pitiful enough for all suffering if he saw it, but to relieve was another question. A recluse and a student all his life, his paths had led through silent places. With all his wisdom and wonderful acquirements, the one greatest, noblest lesson of life was yet unlearned—to heal the broken heart and bind up the wounds of the afflicted.

After a moment's troubled hesitation, he timidly stooped and raised her from the floor, speaking in kind tones, full of sincerity, at least:

"What is it, my child? Why do you cry? Are you ill? Why do you stay out here alone in the gloom?"

"Because I have nobody to go to," she sobbed, dropping her tear-wet face in her hands. "Mamma and papa are both gone, and there is no one else. I am not sick; I cry because I feel so lonely." And the dreary pathos of her tones touched him to the heart.

"What have you been doing all day?" he again asked, at a loss what else to do save to ask her questions. She roused herself to reply more steadily.

"I looked over some books this morning, sir; but the most of the time I have been out here. I was afraid to disturb you if I should go into the library, and I hoped you would come out."

"Then you have been alone, and watching for me. Poor child! No wonder you were sad and home-sick. I did not think of it, and supposed you were with the servants somewhere, or at play. You play, don't you?"

She lifted her eyes questioningly.

"On the piano, sir?"

"No, with dolls and such things. Is it not the way children amuse themselves?"

"Oh, yes—little girls do; but I don't any more. I have to study now, and learn how to become a young lady. Mamma told me a long time ago that I must give up such things as dolls and toys."

Mr. Heatherstone smiled involuntarily.

"Why, how old are you, little one, that you should ignore childhood, with this child's face as your form?"

"I am fifteen, sir, and I have been to boarding-school a year. If mamma had not died, I should not have come away from school for a long time, only at vacations, you know."

The guardian looked bewildered and awed. It was worse even than he thought. What could he do with a young miss of fifteen? What was expected of him? In desperation he turned and paced the corridor for several moments, revolving the knotty-question in his mind, with vain attempts to solve it, while she stood regarding him wonderingly with her large, wistful eyes. In utter despair he paused at length, and exclaimed mentally:

"I'll wait and see how things go. Perhaps she'll help me herself, by some suggestion, after a while." So, with this bright idea suddenly dispelling the thick cloud of present difficulty, he stretched out his hand to Genevieve smilingly.

"Would you like to come with me to the library, child, and look over some books? Did you not say you were reading this morning? You like books, don't you?"

"Oh, yes—dearly!" with eagerness, clasping the fingers he had extended with confidence, and tripping down the corridor with a light, free step, while he walked gingerly at her side, as if afraid she was some frail, delicate thing which might easily fall to pieces at his feet. It was comical to see the evident fear of disaster he entertained. After all, perhaps, it was no great wonder. Mark Heatherstone had never had brothers or sisters, and this was the first time in his remembrance, that the velvety touch of slender girlish fingers had rested upon his own. It was all novel and strange to him; but had he not been so mortally afraid, it certainly would not have been unpleasant.

They entered the library and he led her about, showing her his favorite books at which she looked in some dismay. The great Greek and Latin tomes appalled her, and she would raise her eyes from the yellow pages to his face with an expression of mingled awe and respect.

In a few moments she was relieved to observe that he had taken up a book casually and to all appearances forgotten her presence. Gradually his attention became wholly absorbed, and she roamed at will from shelf to shelf, examining what she would, till wearied she at last drew a stool to Mr. Heatherstone's feet and sat down with a portfolio of prints upon her lap.

The little clock on the mantel chimed ten, and the guardian looked up as if waking from a dream. He came out of a land peopled with strange, heathenish creatures to find himself in his great chair, a book before him upon the table, and a fair young girl at his feet, her golden hair flowing in waves around her white shoulders—her sweet, innocent face earnestly bent over the portfolio. For a moment all his thoughts were in a maze, and he fancied he had been transported to some unknown land. But as remembrance came back, his lips wreathed themselves slowly with smiles, and he actually laughed, a low, pleasant, mellow laugh, such as had not for years been heard in that room.

"Why, Eve, can it be possible! I had forgotten! You came here to be entertained, and lost myself entirely—and with myself, my object."

As if in defiance of his reasoning, her rosy lips were pressed upon his forehead and the sweet voice whispered:

"Will you love me, Guardy? And will you let me love you?"

With an impulse, surprising himself at his daring, he gathered the delicate form to his bosom and pressed his lips to the mass of golden curls. While he held her there, a step was on the threshold, and the eyes of the old housekeeper rested on him, with astonishment.

"Mr. Heatherstone, it is past ten and you



have not dined yet, sir. Sophia has gone wild about the young lady, fearing she was lost. No one dreamed she could have ventured in here, Guardy!"

He stooped over her to examine, and replied with a sigh.

"My mother gathered them in Europe years ago. They were hers, and she loved them. It has been a long time since that port-folio was opened."

Eve's sweet face was grave in a moment.

"Your mother is dead, too?"

"Yes, since I was a mere boy."

"Miss her! yes, child. I never minded anything else in my life. But many a time I have roamed from my dreams over these pages, to wish that my mother could come and bend over me, her soft hand on my hair—her warm lips on my brow. If my mother had lived, I had been less selfish, perhaps."

Genevieve rose and laid the prints on a table. Then she came back to his side and confidingly placed her arms around his neck.

"I have lost my mother, too, Guardy, and I haven't got anybody to love me now. I wish you'd love me a little, and let me come in here and make it pleasant for you. I should be so happy. I should care for you a great deal, and wouldn't let you miss your mother."

The man dropped his eyes thoughtfully, a faint tinge of color staining his pale cheeks. The old lady's words stung him, for they conveyed a reproach never before breathed in his ear.

The dawn of a faint light showed him a girl wrapped up in selfish thoughts and pursuits, ignoring the claims of the world and even his own household. That figure was his own, and a feeling of shame came with the light, for he was not void of feeling.

Meanwhile, Genevieve had ordered refreshments brought to the library, and before her guardian could realize the metamorphosis that was going on, she had a fire blazing in the grate, casting out a warm, ruddy glow, while a little table, spread with a snowy cloth, bore a tempting collation over which she aspired to preside.

"Here, wheel your great chair to the table, Guardy, and I'll make your tea. It is so late you are to have a tea-dinner, and then Mrs. Ghasston says I must retire. Don't it look nice and cosy in here?"

"It does indeed. One would think you a fairy, Eve, if you were to put off your dark robes for white ones. My library has suddenly been transformed into a grotto where Elf reign supreme, and you are the visible queen. Are you happier now, Eve?"

"Yes, sir. I do not feel sad as I did a little while ago. Guardy, I thought as I walked up and down that gloomy place with no one to speak to me, no one to care if I sorrowed alone, that I'd rather be dead than at this grand, old mansion. I could not bear to stay in the servant's hall, and my own room looked so cold and stately after my little bright chamber at home."

Sophia had been telling me about you—how quiet and grave you were, and how they all kept out of your way, till I grew to fear the thought of your coming near me. Still I did want you to come out and speak to me, to tell me that you cared for me a little, and that I should be welcome to your home."

"Why, you did not doubt your welcome, did you, Eve?"

"I don't know, sir. I was afraid I might give you some trouble, and you would wish me away. I can't be in the house with you; and yet never come near you at all, as the servants are."

"Nor do I wish it," he answered; "come in here when you like, child; do what you will fearlessly. I shall like it; and God knows I would not cast a blight on the young life of the only child of my father's friend. Had he known me, Eve, he would never have trusted so tender a flower in my hands when dying. But doubtless, he deemed me a true type of the friend that is gone, and no one on earth could have better fulfilled the trust reposed in me in his stead, had my father been living. Yet I will not abuse his confidence, child; and if you can be happy here, it will make me happy to know it. I suspect you will have to teach me, though, Eve."

She regarded him in wonder and amusement.

"Teach you how to make me happy, Guardy! Oh, how funny! You told me just now I might do as I pleased, did you not?"

"Yes. Does happiness consist in full liberty of action with young girls?"

"To be sure! What more could I want. If you just let me alone, and never scold and worry when I come in and out, I shall be as happy as a queen. This is a splendid place. Only for the grave-like look of its splendor, I should lose myself in admiration. But it awes me with all the great doors, and windows closed, and the grand furniture shrouded like mummies. Guardy, may I have the house aired and wake it up from its long slumber? Mrs. Ghasston says you have waked, and you ought to let the house wake with you."

"Do what you like, sir," he asserted, warmed into genial humor by the glow and sparkle of the bright blaze, and the animation of her young face. He could not have refused her anything then.

Soon after, Sophia tapped at the door, and waited to attend her young mistress to her own room. The girl obeyed the summons reluctantly, pausing by Mr. Heatherstone's chair to lay her soft cheek against his in a loving caress, as she murmured,

"Good night, Guardy."

"Good-night, my child," with a thrill of irrepressible tenderness in his voice. Then he held her fast for a moment after, stroking her hair with his hands very softly. When he bent over the little figure in parting near the door, his lips sought her brow, then her cheek, his heart stilled and thrilled by a new sense of joy as she bounded away and her light steps died upon the stairs.

Mark Heatherstone did not go back to his books that night, but paced softly to and fro, thinking about Eve, the fair innocent child whose heart had warmed toward him until it thawed his own into human emotions. What a change a few hours had wrought in his feelings! It was as if he had suddenly passed into a new state of existence, where his thoughts and interests centred in others to a degree that bewildered him.

The following morning he rose with a remembrance of the past night outlined in his mind like some story of the East full of brightness and beauty. Closing his eyes for a moment as he sat down to wait the answer to his ring for breakfast, the fair face of his ward rose before his vision until the sweetness of the sensation it brought took away his breath. He did not know how deep was the hold she had taken upon his affections—nay, that he loved her with a love that was stronger for the very novelty of the sentiment. Had there been any one to tell him how matters stood with his own heart, he would have laughed in scorn at the idea—for she was but a child, and he had never known what it was to love. Even if he had, the disparity of years would have rendered it absurd in his eyes, for he was verging upon thirty, and seeming older than he really was from habits of study through long and silent years. They had left pallor upon his face and silver in his hair which strongly contrasted with the golden bright tresses and soft, rosy face of the beautiful child! How absurd to think of such a thing as love in connection with her!

The sound of a sob roused him from his reverie, and he looked from his window upon the slender girlish form of Eve in the piazza beneath, where she bowed in grief over a dead bird. With rapid steps he descended the stairs, and was about to pass out through a glass door to the yard, when Eve entered and laid the dove in his hand. Tears were on her cheeks, and her lovely face clouded with sadness as she bent her head to gaze upon it, standing close before him as he smoothed down the feathers over its beautiful breast.

"Poor bird," he murmured. "Its life work is over."

"Yes, and I shall miss it so much," quivered through her lips. "It was poor mamma's pet, and all I have left of her. I have watched and tended it so long, and now that I am here and meant to bring her to you to see how pretty she

you, I find her dead in her cage when I wake. Guardy, I am afraid to love anything any more. It is safe to go away from me. All that I care for dies."

"Guardy, Eva. You must not talk so," and he lifted the bird to his pocket unwillingly. "This mate does not care for old life if she was your mother's partner she comes into your possession. She gives her mate of joy to a heart that is still; she has made you happy by her companionship, and now that her mate is satisfied, and you come upon new scenes and into new interests, she departs. We will bury her in the garden, and send her resting place tenderly to you still; but don't grieve, my child."

He dried her tears and looked up very gratefully.

"I had not thought about that, Guardy. Guardy has lived a long time, and may be she needed rest. I am glad you made me think of it."

After breakfast, which ward and guardian took together in the great breakfast-room, Mr. Heatherstone went with Eva to the garden, and selected a place for the dead bird. The housekeeper watched them from a window in speechless wonder at her young master's transformation, for no less did she look upon it, as she saw him rousing from his dream-life to take part in the real, stirring world. Had she not feared that he would soon relapse into his old habits, her heart would have been lighter that day than it had been for many, many years. Mary had been her care, and the object of profound solicitude since the death of his mother, and his silent, studious habits were a sore grief when she remembered the position to which his name and wealth entitled him, and the brilliant circles he seemed fitted to enter. Burying himself among his books, careless of his advantages and the gay world that lay beyond his study walls, seemed to her like a wilful waste of life's most glorious sands. She could never reconcile herself to the thought of such an existence for Mark Heatherstone.

Later in the day, the good soul groaned in spirit when she saw her master re-enter the library with the old preoccupied expression upon his pale face. He had not even seen her as he passed her door, where she stood regarding him, and was as deaf to her voice as he was blind to her presence.

"Back to his books! Oh, dear, oh, dear! Why can't Mark Heatherstone give up the dead Past for the living Present? He is throwing away the most splendid life that ever came into the world!"

She heard the groan and pondered over the words in the quiet of her own room. Here was a quick and ready intellect, and soon grasped the cause of the worthy housekeeper's sorrow in its length and breadth. No sooner was this done, than she proceeded to the library, every vestige of fear having vanished under the kindness of his manner since he first noticed her presence on the night before.

Her tap was light upon the door, and he evidently did not hear it. Without waiting, therefore, for an invitation, she walked in and found him sitting with his arms resting upon a table, his face between his two hands. She laid her hand upon his shoulder, and gave it a gentle shake.

"Guardy, I have come to give you a lecture, sir."

He roused with a bewildered air, then catching the grave, earnest expression of the girlish face and eyes, smiled kindly.

"Oh! it is you, Eva! You come to lecture me—for what, pray?"

Without ceremony, she drew a chair in front of him, seated herself, and folded her hands upon her lap.

"I will begin by asking you some questions. First, why do you mope here in this great, grand, dark room, as if you were afraid to see the blessed light of the sun? What is there here so attractive?"

"My books. I love to read and study, and care for little else."

"What good do your books do you?"

"Why, I learn wisdom, gain knowledge, of course. And you must know, my little catechist, that knowledge is power."

"Pooh! Of what use is all your knowledge and power? You shut yourself from the world to gain it, and when you die the world will be none the better for what you have gained. This is what my mother would have called 'burying your talents in a napkin.' Men of noble minds will conceive noble purposes, and, what is more, carry them out for the good of others. You ignore your highest duties, sir, and even your own household more about you in sadness and distress! Are you going to be so selfish all your life? What do you mean to do with all your knowledge?"

"What am I going to do? Really, I do not know. I have not thought of anything particularly."

Eva held up her hands in pretended horror, interrupting him with quick exclamations!

"Guardy! Guardy! You astound me! You, a great, strong man, with a big home and plenty of money to use for whatever you like! Just think of the happiness you might give to people around you if you would but try! Now listen to me, Guardy. I have something to say to you of great importance." And her voice fell into quiet and confidential seriousness, while Mr. Heatherstone sat staring at her in stupid amazement, wondering if all girls of her age were so precocious.

"Go on," he said, not knowing what else to say.

"Well—now pray be particularly attentive, Guardy. You know you have me to take care of now, and I am almost a young lady. You do not mean to bury me alive, do you? Now tell me what you are going to do—send me to school again, get a governess here, or supply me with teachers? This is an important matter, and requires immediate action."

"Blow me! so it does! I had not thought about that. Which would you like best, Eva?"

"Teachers, of course, if you leave me to decide. Shall I propose to you what would be best?"

"Yes, by all means."

"Then get a music and drawing master for me, and yourself direct my studies. You must be better than a hundred governesses, and this process of imparting what you gain to somebody else, even so small a soul, will have a wholesome effect upon you. Does the idea please you, sir?"

"Yes, indeed—to be sure! It is very good, Eva, indeed. When would you like to begin?"

Eva burst into a little silvery peal of laughter that sounded strangely in that gloomy room.

"Why, that is for you to say. I am your teacher. You must tell me when to begin,

what to study, and make me obey you faithfully in every way. I will try to be very good, Guardy, and not give you much trouble."

Mr. Heatherstone grappled at the proposition with something like real interest. His face was bright with smile as he answered:

"It shall be as you say, my little girl. Tomorrow I will go and find teachers for you, and we will begin your studies at once. I am not sure but a more active life will do me good, and your coming will prove a blessing to me."

"Certainly—I trust it shall. I have my 'sins' already, and it shall be my mission to carry joy and gladness wherever I go—and especially into the home that is to be mine for time indefinite. I am going to fill all Heatherstone Place open to the sunshine, and show you what beauty there is in the extreme contrast to its present gloom. You have been sadly foolish and negligent, Guardy"—shaking her head solemnly.

"I wonder you are not afraid, when God has been so good to you."

Mr. Heatherstone started, and looked troubled. Already he was beginning to feel the truth of her words.

"I think," continued the young reformer, "that as you intended look out for teachers for me, you had better go to-day. Perhaps you will not find those who will suit at once, and we ought to be ready to begin systematically by the first of next week. If they are engaged to come then, we can select our books and put everything in order. Then there will be no hindrance to our progress if I am persevering and study hard, which I mean to do. Some day I want to do a great deal of good, and I can't, if I do not study. As you say, knowledge is power; but I shall use mine when I get it, Guardy, and not waste it, as you do. Oh, I will make everybody happy! You cannot think of all the grand things I am laying out for myself, Guardy."

Having roused Mr. Heatherstone and set his wife actively to work in one direction, Genevieve despatched out of the room well satisfied with her effort, and sped away to Mrs. Ghaston, to whom she imparted the proposed measures animatedly.

"And he is going to-day to find a music and drawing master for me," she asserted at the close.

"Ah, it's too good to be true," was the doleful response. "He has forgotten all about it already, and is buried to his eyes in piles of old yellow Greek that would puzzle the Saints themselves."

But he had not forgotten it, and bewildered the old lady by a bright glance and smile as he took his hat and gloves to set out upon his novel mission. In the enthusiasm of her delight, Mrs. Ghaston caught Eva to her bosom the moment his form disappeared through the doorway.

"Oh, you little angel! It was a blessed day for us when your poor foot pressed the threshold of this dreary home! God save you from sorrow in it, and may it be as bright as you deserve."

"We'll make it bright, Mrs. Ghaston. If we want things fair, we cannot have them so in any other way so soon as to go to work and make them so. My dear mother taught me this, and many other things I can see the use for now; and I will try to use them properly. Where is the wisdom of fretting over things we can remedy! I believe God meant that we should all be happy."

"And yet you have not always been so," murmured the old lady, stroking the golden hair with a caressing fondness of manner.

"No;" and Eva's eyes filled. "I try to be, because mamma told me that God is always right, and does things for our good, if we love Him. The greatest lesson we have to learn is faith. When she died I thought it very hard. Indeed I have always found it hard to be satisfied when he takes those I love from me. But I am learning. I cannot see things as He does—I know that; so I just mean to trust Him, and bear whatever He sends as well as I can."

A large tear fell upon her hair, and the old lady again bent to kiss the fair forehead. Her voice trembled and was husky as she answered.

"You have learned in your childhood what others fail to learn through a lifetime of suffering. I with my gray hair, have failed to apply the wisdom of His teachings to the trials of daily life, as you are doing."

Eva's impulsive bosom heaved with sympathy, her little arms were instantly around Mrs. Ghaston's neck.

"Then I will help you," she said, softly. "I believe in God's love and mercy; and He has promised us that He will grant what we ask, if we believe in Him. I mean to ask Him to make you satisfied and happy."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

#### A VALENTINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

She hath a quiet grace—

The one I love!

A tender, saint-like face—

The one I love!

She is set with virtues rare,

Like as pearls with rubies rare;

The one I love!

She hath no fickle mood—

The one I love!

But is simply true and good—

The one I love!

As she smiles on me to-day,

So shall's smile on me alway;

The one I love!

She reigns my heart's own queen—

The one I love!

I her happy subject am—

The one I love!

Her fortunes rough or smooth,

To the end I'll loyal prove:

The one I love!

General Pope is in St. Louis, commanding the several departments of which that is the head-quarters. Major-General Dodge and Curtis are under Gen. Pope.

WHAT color, sir, should be your horse,  
That's yours, and yours alone?

D'you give it up? Why, sir, of course,  
That horse must be your room.

Rev. Mr. Bulkeley, pastor of a church at Worcester, Ct., has been dismissed, simply from the fact that he would not eat!

A notorious miser having heard a very slight charity sermon, exclaimed: "This sermon most strongly proves the sanctity of avarice. I have almost a mind to turn beggar."

Yes, indeed—to be sure! It is very good, Eva, indeed. When would you like to begin?

Eva burst into a little silvery peal of laughter that sounded strangely in that gloomy room.

Why, that is for you to say. I am your teacher. You must tell me when to begin,

#### SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1861

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12<sup>th</sup> Annual price of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

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#### A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

In order to enable ladies to procure a first quality Sewing Machine at very little outlay, we will offer the following liberal offer, with a money premium to THE POST, and to THE LADY'S FRIEND:—

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies of the Post, or of the Lady's Friend, one year, and the Sewing Machine, \$70.00.

2. Thirty copies, one year, and the Sewing Machine, \$80.00.

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In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of \$7.50 a copy, and then, by sending on their subscriptions, and Twenty dollars in addition, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. She will only have to add Ten Dollars to the amount, if she gets forty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper or magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be deposited as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers

## Terrible Petroleum Conflagration.

Loss of Life and Property—Over Twenty Buildings Burned.

We do not generally record in the Post the usual round of local news, but the details of the recent fire on the early morning of the 8th, are of such a character as to warrant our giving the following account from the columns of the *North American*:

That every depot for the manufacture or storage of crude petroleum is destined sooner or later to make a conflagration was illustrated yesterday morning, by a fire the most serious in extent of ground burned over, and in loss of life, that has occurred since the great burning in Philadelphia in 1850.

It began in an extensive depot for the storage of petroleum, in Washington street, above Ninth street, and was first discovered by policemen Orr, of the first police district. The buildings consisted of four large sheds, and the lot extended back nearly to Ellsworth street. The extensive lot was nearly all occupied by barrels of coal oil, piled the upon tier. The place was a sort of bonded warehouse for this product, and was in charge of the firm of Blackburn & Co. Three thousand barrels of coal oil were stored here.

When the site was thus disposed of the people residing in the vicinity objected. With the general conviction that crude petroleum is about as dangerous as gunpowder, the community in general is seriously impressed. Finding other remonstrances useless, the people residing in the vicinity united in signing a petition to Council to prevent the intended storing of oil. The matter came before Council, but the Mayor assured them, as was the fact, that the Legislature alone could give relief, and that the remedy was to enter prosecution in the courts against the parties in question. We remember that in one case a whole neighborhood united in preventing the existence of an intended coal oil refinery, and by the aid of High Constable Harry Clark the scheme was frustrated by the intervention of the courts.

In the case of Messrs. Blackburn & Co. the sheds were erected, the lot cleared, and the coal oil stored there in immense quantities. It was in constant course of shipment and arrival, just as it is upon the lots beyond Market street bridge—a structure that, from the same cause, may possibly yet share the fate of the houses surrounding the Washington street yard, that lie in ruins.

Many of the people then residing near the yard sought other habitations, but, in the exceeding scarcity of houses, the vacated dwellings were immediately occupied. Ninth street, below Washington, is built up principally with three story brick dwellings, occupied mainly by respectable families of limited means—the houses renting, we should judge, for from two hundred to two hundred and fifty dollars a year. The first street below Washington street is Ellsworth, the next is Federal, both of which streets had, in that vicinity, about the same class of dwellings upon them as those upon Ninth street. Upon the southwest corner of Ninth and Washington streets there is a coal yard, belonging to Messrs. Dally & Porter, and immediately west of this, upon Washington street, was the lot of Blackburn & Co.

Policeman Orr, who is a very intelligent and faithful man, says that about half past two o'clock, while walking his beat ankle deep in slush, he saw the fire flashing from one of the spacious sheds, among the barrels. He gave the alarm upon the instant, and with direful forebodings, as he knew all the perils of the place, and also the feeling that existed in the vicinity concerning it. His misgivings proved but too well founded. Before the nearest engine could reach the spot one shed was filled with flame, while under the eaves of the shed ascended an ominous column of smoke, blacker than the thunder clouds of the tropics. The heat caused the upper tier of barrels to burst; the oil poured down over the rest, ran blazing over the ground, and by the time the flames reached the spot all four of the sheds were sending up columns of dark red flame, that imprinted its glare upon the entire southern sky. Wild excitement and deadly fear seized upon all in the vicinity. Everywhere there were commotion and alarm.

Let the reader light a single coal oil lamp with the wick at smoking height. Let him multiply the volume of that light by the inflammable product of two thousand barrels filled with coal oil, and he will not refuse to credit our statement that small print could be read by the light of that terrible blaze at the distance of nearly two squares.

People in the immediate neighborhood rushed from their houses as best they could. Dozens of people ran in utter panic into the streets, just as they left their beds, all unmindful of the slush, six inches deep, that covered the sidewalks as well as the streets. Those who were most prompt saved their lives, but terrible to relate, a number who were tardy in their movement, or over confident of safety, perished. The streets after the snow storm of the day previous, and of the rain that followed the snow in four hours' duration, were in extremely bad condition. The firemen saw that they could only control the spread of the flames, and that to extinguish the fire was impossible.

As molten lava would course down the sides of Vesuvius, did the burning oil, floating upon the water in the swollen gutters, course in its gradual descent until it found the level of the sewers. This liquid fire thus found a channel into Ninth street, and down Ninth past Ellsworth, thence down to the sewer in Federal street, and along all that course it set fire to the houses on both sides of the street, spreading equal destruction in Washington, Ellsworth and Federal streets, both above Ninth and below it. That area is now a mass of blackened ruins.

The space between the railroad tracks on Ninth street was literally a canal of Tartarean fire. The intense heat of the current can be seen in the rails, warped and bent, and in the cobble-stones cracked and riven by the same agency. The fronts of houses many yards distant from any fire are blistered beyond recognition by the heat.

So fast ran the blazing oil, that to save any property in the vicinity of the yards was impossible. It is the property of coal oil, when burning, to evolve impenetrable smoke. So dense is it that the fire beneath is at times obscured. It was thus that in rushing from their houses into this smoke men, women and children dropped from their very doors into the fatal fire. There stands now in Ninth street, between Washington and Federal streets, scarce a house of which anything remains but tottering walls, furniture, clothing, everything in these houses was gone. Even further down the street, where families were taking out their household goods,

the liquid fire came upon them, and the half-ruined property was layed up by its thirsty tongue. The coal yard adjoining the oil yard was filled with piles of coal, and among them ran the blazing oil. At four o'clock the solid unbroken sheet of flame covered this whole ground. There was not in it one single break. No such fire has ever before occurred in Philadelphia. It was at the furrows of Hobart Avenue, into which the water thrown by the owners did but stalk, like the water of the snow that had previously covered the ground, to swell the remorseless current that bore upon its bosom the element of destruction. There were as many houses on fire at one moment as would have stretched a continuous length of five square, and of those at least fifty are wrecks. Many of the standing walls must be leveled, and since yesterday morning orders of police have prevented pedestrians from passing the dangerous spot. The Ninth street cars must of course pass through, but the inexorable ropes are replaced the instant the vehicles have gone beyond them.

*The Property Destroyed.*—The Fire Marshal was early on the ground, and the reporters arousing the police of the beat before their hours for going upon day duty, sought for information concerning the identity of the sufferers.

Six dwellings on the south side of Ninth street, next to the corner of Washington street, adjoining the coal yard, were annihilated at the first start.

In front of the one nearest Washington street three persons were burned to death, and more bodies are supposed to be buried in the ruins. The next house, No. 1132, was occupied by Captain Joseph H. Ware. The occupant of one of the other houses threw his wife from the window. Her back was broken by the fall, and she is reported to have perished in the flames. Captain Ware's family consisted of himself, wife, five daughters, and two sons. They all rushed into the street just as they left their beds. Mrs. Ware had her youngest child, a girl of about five years of age, in her arms. She fell, and Lewis C. Williams, a member of the Monomoyonee Hose Company, made a desperate effort to save her. He grasped her, but was compelled by the ferocity of the flames to abandon her to her fate. Mrs. Ware, her child, and a daughter, about fifteen or sixteen years of age, were burned to death in the street, and so horribly mutilated that their remains can only be identified by circumstances. Captain Ware and his two sons escaped; but three of the daughters are missing. Both himself and sons were badly burned. Six bodies in all were here recovered. They were taken to the Second District station-house. Three were of the Ware family.

There was saved the body of a boy not yet

recognized, and a man whose body was found in Ninth street, a short distance below Washington street. A fragment of red cloth, resembling the lining of a fireman's coat, leads to the belief that the victim was a fireman. It was here that the flames burned most fiercely and spread with such rapidity. It seems a miracle that any one at all escaped. One thing is certain, that had it not been for the extra exertions of the firemen, many more would have perished.

As an instance of the rapidity with which the flames spread, we might state that the whole

square was enveloped before one-half the people

were aroused, and many of them were awakened from their slumbers by the firemen, who burst in doors, and rushed in to the rescue of the slumbering occupants. An infant about two years old was found lying on the opposite side of the street, burned to a crisp.

The following is a summary of the property destroyed:—Forty dwellings, two factories, seven stables, one wagon-house, ten miscellaneous structures, twelve frame sheds, one brick office, one coal yard, one large coal shed, one coal oil storage shed, which, with out-houses, will make a total of about one hundred structures.

The dwelling houses were occupied by poor people, or persons who had only sufficient means to afford them a comfortable living. The most of these people lost everything—furniture, clothing, trinkets, &c. It is estimated that at least one hundred families have been rendered homeless.

The whole loss will not fall short of \$300,000;

The loss on the coal oil is estimated at \$75,000;

that of Daily & Porter (coal yard) at \$4,000, and that of Mr. David L. Hey, manufacturer, at \$10,000. The coal oil is said to be fully insured in New York Companies. Messrs. Daily & Porter, and Hey are partially insured. Of the total loss only about one-third is insured, and the insurance is principally upon the real estate. The Fire Association and the Franklin Insurance Company are the heaviest losers. A number of the families lost their savings, ranging from \$5 to \$1,000. Many lost \$100, and several as high as \$300 to \$400.

*Save your rags and old paper.*—Every family can supply themselves with a good newspaper from the proceeds of such savings.

By the census of 1860, the number of cigar manufacturers in the United States was estimated at 1,481. Of these, Pennsylvania has the largest number, 474, and Vermont the smallest, 2; New York has 450, and Massachusetts 203; Ohio has 66, and Maryland 68, while Connecticut has but 17.

In the Boston police court, recently, a man arraigned as a common drunkard put in a peculiar plea in defense. He said that he believed the world was coming to an end within a year, and meditating upon this momentous event "staggered" him. The court did not see it in that light, and sent the staggerer to the House of Correction for five months.

In Pennsylvania there are 12,000 public schools, with 16,000 teachers, and 709,000 pupils.

The Northampton Press says a business man in that town exercises his benevolence in distributing turkeys to his employees without much detriment to himself. If they can take the oath he will give each a turkey. But the oath is, that they have not cheated him on time to an extent twice the value of the fowl. The oath is said to prove a regular iron-rod, and thus he has kept his birds on the strength of it.

The Missouri Legislature has passed a bill providing that a person whose husband or wife has been engaged in rebellion against the government, shall be entitled to a divorce on proper application to the courts.

In a late lecture delivered at the Holocene in Boston, Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose religious opinions are known to be somewhat heretical, said he thought we had gained

in true religion because we now pray less and less.

This is the whole story—"only this, and nothing more."—*Phil. Inquirer.*

## The Peace Conference.

The story of the Peace Conference is ended by the message of President Lincoln, which was sent to Congress on Friday. The busy reader will find himself bewildered with a mass of telegraphic despatches, military communications, reports, letters and reprints of letters. From this mass of orders, counter orders, statements, and documents, he may, when he extricates himself, compose his mind with the following, which are the main facts:

First. That Mr. Blair was granted authority to go to Richmond upon a simple pass, without authority to speak or act for the United States Government, and without apprising the President what he intended to do or say.

Second. That at Richmond Mr. Blair must have taken upon himself the functions of an ambassador, and that he made representations as to what the United States might be induced to do.

Third. That in consequence of Mr. Blair's voluntary statements, Jefferson Davis was induced to write a letter to Blair, to be shown to President Lincoln, in which he said he was not disposed to find obstacles in form; that he was willing to enter into negotiations for the restoration of peace, and to send a commission whenever he had reason to believe that it would be received, or to receive one if sent, and that he was prepared to renew the effort to enter into a conference, with a view to restore peace "to the two countries."

Fourth. That President Lincoln then wrote a letter to Blair, authorizing him to say to Jefferson Davis that he (Lincoln) had always been, and still was, ready to receive any agent whom Davis, or any other influential person, now residing in the national authority, might informally send "with the view of securing peace to our common country."

Fifth. That Blair went to Richmond a second time, and showed President Lincoln's letter to Jefferson Davis, and informed him that the part, in the letter of Lincoln, "about our common country" referred to the part in Davis's letter "about the two countries."

Sixth. That Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell applied at the United States lines to be permitted to go to Washington as Peace Commissioners.

Seventh. That after considerable telegraphing between Major General Ord, Major-General Burks, Major-General Wilson, Secretary Stanton, Major Eckert, and the President, Major Eckert was ordered to allow the Commissioners to come through if they wished, and to allow them to be taken to Fortress Monroe, where "in due time they would be met by some person or persons for the purpose of such informal conference," etc.

Eighth. That Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell becoming weary of the delays at General Ord's line, sent a message to General Grant, who permitted them to come to his head-quarters.

Ninth. That the President then ordered Secretary Seward to proceed to Fortress Monroe and meet the commissioners, instructing him to notify them that three things were indispensable to peace:—First, a restoration of the Union; second, that the position of the President on the slavery question, assumed in his last annual message to Congress and preceding documents, would not be receded from. Men this was before the passage of the amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery; third, that there would be no cessation of hostilities, short of the end of the war, and the disbanding of the hostile rebel forces. That minor matters would be liberally considered. That Seward was to listen to all that was said, but to communicate nothing, without further report and authority.

Tenth. That Secretary Seward set out upon his mission.

Eleventh. That Gen. Grant telegraphed to the President that he would delay no military movement in consequence of the commission.

Twelfth. That Gen. Grant has telegraphed to the Secretary Stanton that in his opinion it would be advisable for President Lincoln to see Hunter and Stephens at least, Campbell probably not expressing himself as favorably to peace as his colleagues.

Thirteenth. That upon the reception of this despatch President Lincoln resolved to go to Fortress Monroe.

Fourteenth. That he did go.

Fifteenth. That on the morning of February 16, the distinguished party met.

That an informal and verbal Conference took place between them.

That the substance of the instructions to Secretary Seward were communicated to the Southern Commissioners containing the only basis of peace which could be admitted by the United States. That the Southerners did not say that in any event, or any condition whatever, would they consent to reunion; and yet that they did not declare that they would not consent.

They wanted a postponement of that question, and the adoption of some other course which they argued might or might not lead to reunion, but which the President and Secretary Seward thought would lead to postponement.

The conference ended without result. This is the President's account.

Sixteenth. Secretary Seward transmits a copy of a despatch sent to Charles F. Adams, United States Minister at London, giving an account of the preliminary events and of the conference in the letter he says that specific demands were not made by the rebel commissioners, nor direct reference to the demands of the United States announced. They wanted a postponement of the question of separation and a united action by the two governments upon "some extraneous policy or scheme for a season, during which passions might be expected to subside, and the armies be reduced, and trade and intercourse between the people of both sections resumed."

This, no doubt, was the union of the North and South to attack Maximilian, and avenge the Monroe doctrine. Secretary Seward does not say, but the inference is strong, that this could have been the only policy proposed. The Southerners thought that by this "extraneous policy" a better feeling would be fostered, and that eventually some kind of a union might be fixed up. But the President, in the spirit of "not swapping horses while swimming a river," would not consent to the principle of ending the war by beginning another, leaving all the questions of the first unsettled. He considered it a proposition for a truce, and told the rebels that no truce could be consented to until the Union was fully restored. So the parties separated, and nothing was done.

This is the whole story—"only this, and nothing more."—*Phil. Inquirer.*

## Gen. Scott's Opinion of Gen. Taylor.

With a good store of common sense, Gen. Taylor's mind had not been enlarged and refined by reading or much converse with the world. Elegancy of ideas was the consequence. The frank and small military pose had been his home. Hence he was quite ignorant for his rank and quite bigoted in his ignorance. His simplicity was childlike, and with innumerable prejudices—anxious and incorrigible—well suited to the tender age. Thus, if a man, however respectable, chanced to wear a coat of an unusual color, or his hat a little on one side of the head; or an officer to leave the corner of his pocket handkerchief dangling from his outside pocket—in any such case, this critic held the offender to be a scoundrel—perhaps something worse, whom he would not, to use his repeated phrase, "touch with a pair of tongs."

Second. That at Richmond Mr. Blair must have taken upon himself the functions of an ambassador, and that he made representations as to what the United States might be induced to do.

Third. That in consequence of Mr. Blair's voluntary statements, Jefferson Davis was induced to write a letter to Blair, to be shown to President Lincoln, in which he said he was not disposed to find obstacles in form;

that he was willing to enter into negotiations for the restoration of peace, and to send a commission whenever he had reason to believe that it would be received, or to receive one if sent, and that he was prepared to renew the effort to enter into a conference, with a view to restore peace "to the two countries."

Fourth. That President Lincoln then wrote a letter to Blair, authorizing him to say to Jefferson Davis that he (Lincoln) had always been, and still was, ready to receive any agent whom Davis, or any other influential person, now residing in the national authority, might informally send "with the view of securing peace to our common country."

Fifth. That Blair went to Richmond a second time, and showed President Lincoln's letter to Jefferson Davis, and informed him that the part, in the letter of Lincoln, "about our common country" referred to the part in Davis's letter "about the two countries."

Sixth. That Stephens, Hunter, and Campbell applied at the United States lines to be permitted to go to Washington as Peace Commissioners.

Seventh. That after considerable telegraphing between Major General Ord, Major-General Burks, Major-General Wilson, Secretary Stanton, Major Eckert, and the President, Major Eckert was ordered to allow the Commissioners to come through if they wished, and to allow them to be taken to Fortress Monroe, where "in due time they would be met by some person or persons for the purpose of such informal conference," etc.

Eighth. That General Ord, and the other commissioners, were to be received at Fortress Monroe, and to be shown to the President.

Ninth. That General Ord, and the other commissioners, were to be shown to the President.

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Eleventh. That General Ord, and the other commissioners, were to be shown to the President.

Twelfth. That General Ord, and the other commissioners, were to be shown to the President.

Thirteenth. That General Ord, and the other commissioners, were to be shown to the President.

Fourteenth. That General Ord, and the other commissioners, were to be shown to the President.

Fifteenth. That General Ord, and the other commissioners, were to be shown to the President.

Sixteenth. That General Ord, and the other commissioners, were to be shown to the President.

Seventeenth. That General Ord, and the other commissioners, were to be shown to the President.

Eighteenth. That General Ord, and the other commissioners, were to be shown to the President.

Nineteenth. That General Ord, and the other commissioners, were to be shown to the President.



## SUFFER AND BE STILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Suffer and be still."  
Was whispered in my ear  
While on a couch of pain,  
And none but God was near.  
He who hearseth the mourner's cry  
Was witness of my woe,  
Struggling, longing to be free,  
Yet still He laid me low.

"Suffer and be still."  
A lesson hard to learn;  
Rebellious nature writhes beneath,  
And from it fain would turn.  
He who rules over all,  
Looks from His throne above,  
Inflicts but needless suffering,  
And stamps it with His love.

"Suffer and be still."  
Thou tried and tempted child.  
Our Father, by His dealings,  
To Heaven thus would guide.  
Let no murmuring thought arise  
Beneath His chastening rod,  
Submissive, patient, strong in faith,  
Be still and trust in God.

## THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DONNE," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THEO AND MR. LINLEY BOTH HEAR THE TRUTH.

Sydney Scott did not mean it unkindly; she meant it the reverse of unkindly, in fact. She wished to prove that her new friend's merits had already received the recognition that seemed the grandest to her. She wished to show that she was already on terms of confidential intimacy with Theo. Above all, she desired to strike a sharp blade into the hearts of several of her acquaintances who were not engaged, and who wished to be engaged. These various reasons combined to make her more than ordinarily loquacious, and so, just when the hearing it spoken about was exquisitely painful to Theo, her engagement was made the chief topic amongst all those with whom she was thrown in contact.

"She is engaged to a—I forget his name—but it's a capital match, and she won't be in your way here long," Sydney Scott had contented herself with saying to one or two of her favorite aversions at first. But after a short time this statement appeared tame to her, and she touched it up slightly.

"Do you really think that Miss Leigh is too small and dark, and that she looks like a mere country girl? Well, I don't agree with you. However, she won't be a vexed question amongst us long, for she's going to be married; such a match, too!"

So rumors arose that were wounding to both Theo and her parents under existing circumstances. How they arose was not quite clear, for Theo had entirely forgotten that he had suffered the hint on which Sydney had built up the full statement to escape her.

"Don't contradict it yet, papa, since it has got abroad unfortunately," she pleaded. "Harold Ffrench will tell me the truth some day. Don't denounce him on that man's authority."

It was a horrible grief to her that her father should at this time permit Mr. Linley's visits, and give the hand of friendship to him.

"He is false and treacherous—of that I'm sure, though I don't know how," she would say. So she kept out of the way when he came, as he did frequently, and would neither see him nor listen to a repetition of what he had said.

"Poor child!" Mr. Linley said to her father one night; "she hates me now very naturally for telling you the truth about Ffrench; she'll forget that vacillating fool in time, and when she does she'll cease to think me a demon, and will believe that the 'refined, accomplished man' was the true embodiment of the Satan she deems me."

But still, though Linley would speak freely enough of both Harold Ffrench and Theo, he declined to tell the father of the girl how the fact of Ffrench having a wife alive had come to his knowledge.

"There was something underhand and constrained about his manner to your daughter, and I took an interest in her. Some day or other, when this wound is healed, I will tell you why. That being the case, I set myself to work to find out why he was constrained and undecided, and as few things baffle me for long, I soon discovered what I have told you. His pretty fool of a cousin imagined that it was her fascination that drew me to her house so continually. My dear fellow, it was the interest I took in your daughter—on your account at first—after a time I confess solely on her own. It was hard to stanch her, but Theo will forgive me in time."

"Theo is very obstinate," her father replied merrily; "she still believes in that smooth-tongued scoundrel."

"Her faith must be pretty well strained by this time," Linley said eagerly; "it must give way before long."

"And she will give way with it, I fear. Strained! The strain is killing her, sir! But she has never let us see a tear or hear a word of repining. I would have given my heart's blood to save my child from this sorrow that she won't acknowledge to be one," the old man said in a broken voice. He admired Theo for not making her moan aloud, but his love made his pity for her a poignant pain to himself.

At last, about a fortnight after Mr. Linley had struck the first blow, the second fell. A letter came from Harold Ffrench, not to Theo, but to her father; but Theo was the one to read it first, for her hand was steeper than her father's, and her vision was clearer.

"Two months ago," he wrote, "I was told, and God knows that I believed, that a chain which had bound me for years was snapped for ever. The curse of impatience was upon me, and the first use I made of my freedom was to ask your daughter to be my wife. My horrors and remorse when, a few hours later, I learnt that I had been told a lie, broke me down more utterly than I had ever thought to be broken down and live. Had my brain been clear, I should before this have written the truth which will bring down your curse upon me. To her whom I have so cruelly wronged I dare utter no plea for forgiveness. To you I will only say, that before God I thought myself a free man in that final hour of parting with your daughter. I left

her to find a woman who has been my wife in name for years still alive. I left her to find that I had been tricked into destroying her—tricked into a more complete destruction than overtook me years ago at the hands of the man you are now admitting to terms of intimacy. Beware of him! He is the cause of the evil that has come upon us all—the distributor that you will always associate with the name of

"HAROLD FFRENCH."

She had read it through almost to the last line without flinching; but when she came to those last words a tremor seized her, and she put the letter down and leaned her head against her father's shoulder.

"I can't read it to you, papa dear, but I can tell you that it is all black—all black and miserable. We'll never say another word about him after you have read the letter and told me that you don't associate 'dissipation' with the name of the only man I ever can love. Tell me that, and then it shall be done with."

But her father could not tell her that. This man had come and crushed his flower, for the thought. Theo would not be broken she was most sorely bruised; and now he had nothing better to say for himself than that he had been the victim of an idle tale and that the curse of impatience had been upon him. Mr. Leigh could not forgive him, and could not associate his name with aught but dishonor. Theo had the additional agony of reading in her father's face unrelenting antagonism to the man "who was the only man she could ever love."

But he spared his daughter all allusion to it, as she had desired. "It is all black, let it be done with," she had said. To this appeal he mutely agreed. Theo felt, when she saw her father throw the letter into the fire, that he deserved to burn away as much as he could of that episode in their lives which had commenced on that bright spring morning, and was ending now when the leaves were falling fast. "He wishes to burn it away; it shall never be recalled by me," she thought. So from that day Harold Ffrench's name was never mentioned between the father and daughter.

There was no answer sent to the letter which struck the final blow. Mr. Leigh could not write and Theo would not, partly because they tacitly relied upon her honor not to do so, and partly because the great pity that filled her heart for herself and for him was too near akin to love to be safely expressed to the man whose wife still lived. But through all her silence she hoped that he would do her the justice of believing that, as she had never distrusted or doubted, so she did not now despise or dislike him.

It was a hard thing for the girl to live on and as usual at this epoch. To get up, and go through the day as the day had ever been gone through in their quiet household, and then to go to her room at night without a hope that this routine would alter for the better. It was a hard thing to do this with external fortitude, more than that with apparent content. But she did it, never forgetting that she was not alone in the world; bearing in mind constantly that in her face alone the sunshine of her home was found; remembering over that it is so easy to give up the game entirely.

She had other things to endure soon besides her own heart's gnawing agony, and other efforts to make in addition to the one she succeeded in, of making that agony no household word. Quick upon the heels of the announcement—the injudicious, well-meaning, girlishly premature announcement that Sydney Scott had made of her engagement—came the rumor of the dissolution of it. And Theo had to bear many biting comments through her frank-faced friend, who was a fierce, albeit an injudicious partisan. Nor were comments all: she had to run the gauntlet of an incomprehensible hostility that originated, Heaven only knew in what—hostility that veiled itself under the semblance sometimes of friendly reproof, sometimes of unwilling disapproval, sometimes of a guarding patronage that was only one degree more absurd than loathsome to her. But however veiled, it was co-existent with her residence there; and she knew it. Altogether it was a hard time to live through, from causes pure and simple. In addition, as is general and so perhaps just, her own sex rendered it harder, sometimes by censure and sometimes by comiseration, until Theo came to the conclusion that misfortune must be the worst guilt of all, it is so sorely punished.

"I wish you would tell me all about it, I should know better what to say then when they are going on about you," Sydney remarked meditatively to Theo one day, when together they were standing in the square listening to a choice selection of airs that were being performed by a band. "Who are 'they,' and what do they say?" Theo asked wearily. "Oh, everybody! and they say—well, all sorts of things; it's very unpleasant for me, being your friend; but what can I say? you have no confidence in me."

"I have no confidence in any one," Theo replied quickly. She simply meant that she confided this bitter sorrow to no one. But Sydney attached a different meaning to the words.

"You must have been most dreadfully ill-used to say that, Theo. I won't believe that you have been to blame, though—though—" She stammered, and stopped with a blush on her bright face and confusion in her clear eloquent eyes.

"Though what?" Theo asked, turning her head slightly towards her companion.

"Though they do say away from you as though you were infected," Sydney said quickly.

"So I am infected—infected with a disease that renders my companionship unpleasant and unimproving," Theo answered carelessly. "I am infected with more than a touch of reserve about my own affairs, and carelessness as to what they or you or anybody else may think about them. Excuse me, but if you have nothing more agreeable to give vent to than your surmises as to their surmises about me, I had rather not hear them; and I think I will go in."

So she went in, away from the candid young friend who told her all that was said and thought and hinted to her disapprovement, away from those who treated her, according to that friend's version of the case, "as though she were infected." As soon as she was alone she sat down and prayed unconsciously, gazing awhile over the muddy river, alive with crowded steamers, for a brief escape from the terror of this shame still strength should be hers to bear it better.

"What is thought of me, and what is said?" she asked herself. She shook with rage and scorn at that form of interest which was being displayed towards her, and thought of a hun-

dred plans of escape, and rejected each one of them in rapid succession. Finally she hoped that frank-faced Sydney Ffrench had not thought her very patient.

That Miss Sydney had so thought her she speedily learnt, for Sydney was one who when she had a grievance cried. It sat alone in the market-place and from the houses. This was a favorite form of grievance with her too, which added to the pleasure to be conversationally extracted from it. It has been said that according to her own account Sydney had been the most at which countless shafts of envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness had been let fly. And these, it is borne in mind, had all been feminine shafts. Perfidy from her own sex, the young philosopher averred, she was well accustomed to meet with. But this was a peculiarly black case of perfidy, "to be turned upon and insulted by a girl she had stood by, as she had stood by Theo Leigh, was ingratitude that could not be easily matched in depths of dye." It was a lesson to her never to trust a woman again, until such time as she felt constrained to tell how she was called fast and a flit and a regular "Kate Coventry."

The little lady's wrath was loud, but, as is usual when such is the case, it was not lasting. Sydney could not nurse it to keep it warm; she expended it in airy puffs, and having done so, proposed a fresh alliance offensive and defensive with Miss Leigh in the following terms:—

"I say that, after all, if you choose to keep your own counsel you're quite justified in doing it, and I made the Miss Boltons mad last night at their abominably dull musical party by telling them that I would offer them five to one against your being Miss Leigh at the end of the year; they took me—in gloves, you know: so look out that you don't let me lose."

"You're very good to talk about me and to be about my marrying," Theo answered, "but if you would be kind enough not to tell me of it I should be still more obliged to you."

"Now, Theo—now, I'm determined I won't quarrel; I won't expect much from you, but I won't quarrel. Hargrave said, when I told him about you first, that I should find you out in time to be just like every other girl."

"Mr. Hargrave betrays immense disinterest and knowledge of character."

"You needn't laugh at Hargrave; he is not stupid, though he's not old and ugly like your hideously talented friend who wrote the book and stumbled upon it in Rockbeath Park," Sydney cried indignantly. The young soldier had sung with her, and her along the previous night, and he had been the sole military light amidst a lot of rather sombre civilians. The glow of these things was still upon him, so Sydney spoke indignantly in his defense when she deemed that Theo deserved his intellect.

"The man who wrote the novel, and who stumbled upon it in Rockbeath Park, is no friend of mine, God knows!" Even now, though the truth had been made known to her by Harold himself Theo could not forget that Mr. Linley had been the first to whisper it, and in her own mind she could not hold him guiltless of the evil.

"Why is he down at your house constantly?" Sydney cried.

"He is a friend of papa's; I have never seen him since that day we met him first."

"Never seen him? How is that?"

"Because I hate him!" Miss Leigh cried hotly. "There, don't look at me in that way. I wouldn't have said it if you had not suggested the possibility of my mentally comparing any other man with him. I hate him!"

"To whom are you so animatedly declaring hatred?" a voice asked behind her. And looking round Theo saw Mr. Linley standing smiling, with his hat raised in such a way that it concealed the expression of his lips. The two girls were seated on a couch midway up the length of the drawing-room, with their backs to the door by which he had entered unobserved.

"Neither papa nor mamma are at home," Theo commenced hurriedly; she would not give him her hand. And he marked her resolve not to do so in time to avoid offering his own. But he stood close over her, smiling down upon her in a benignant manner, and Theo quailed in her soul at that benign false smile.

"Neither papa nor mamma will be at home till night," she repeated. Then impatience conquered, and she threw down her cards.

"How long have you been in the room? did you hear what we were saying?"

"I heard you say you hated somebody, but whom you did not mention," he replied softly. Theo, looking straight into his eyes, read that he was telling her a falsehood, and feared him.

"You will permit me to await your papa's return?" he asked presently.

"Certainly, if you wish it; but you will excuse me leaving you,"

"I have a previous engagement? Ah! I am unfortunate!"

She would not tell the story that should render her withdrawal from his presence consistent with civility. She simply repeated that he must excuse her leaving him.

"She went away from the room, taking Sydney with her, and feeling that David Linley had heard more than her vague declaration of hatred, and that it was ill for her that he had done so.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## A GREAT MISTAKE.

Sydney had retired with her friend to the little room that was sacred to the latter, leaving Mr. Linley to the solitary enjoyment of the drawing-room, which was as uncomfortable as all newly furnished and unfrequently occupied apartments are. This spacious lofty room had been felt from the first to be a white elephant. It was incubent upon them, since it was bestowed upon them, to furnish it. But they had suffered in spirit while doing so, knowing it to be like the bug of Allen, in that it would swallow up sums that had been long held in reserve for other things.

It was a room, everybody told them, that demanded handsome furniture; they absolutely listened to its demands. Its walls "deserved and required" pictures, being really, as one lady remarked, of "palatial proportions!" Accordingly Mr. Leigh purchased pictures, a set of them at a time. Few people, I imagine, require to be told how thoroughly satisfactory works of art procured in this way are to their possessors.

The pervading tint of the room was green. The carpet was green, and the couches and chairs, and even the curtains. Had Theo been in better heart she would have proposed rose-colored silk blinds inside these verdant hangings. But she had not been in a state of mind

to care about her complexion, or indeed about anything save keeping a brave face before her father and mother.

As to the pictures, too, had things been different within, perhaps she would not have left the selection of them so unreservedly to her papa, who had taken his orders as to what he should buy and what he should leave mostly from the mouth of a picture-dealer.

"The walls are well covered," David Linley had said to him when he had carried that gentleman to look upon them. And so they were, unconsciously well covered with frame, quite as much as with paint. You noticed the breadth and the rich gilding of the former before you thought of observing the gentleman in black velvet and moleskin after Titian, and "Gainsborough," or the "Lady with a 'awl," originally attributed to Sir Joshua by the most competent critics." But as this is usual in the case of pictures that are purchased in sets, there is nothing derogatory to Mr. Leigh's taste in it.

As may be gathered, however, the room in which these pictures had the first place was not one in which a man such as David Linley could spend an hour or two of walking pleasantly. In truth, he spent those hours most impatiently and unpleasantly; smirking himself at the vulgar art and the prevailing hue, and the rigid propriety that marked the disposition of the furniture. Still he waited on and on—why he hardly knew; feeling resentful against poor miserable Theo for leaving him thus, yet half hoping that she would be forced into his presence again on her father's return. It has been said that he was left alone through the withdrawal of the two girls into the small room that was held sacred to Theo. Sydney had followed her friend with aught but willingness. She had felt that it would be more enlivening to stay and hold polite conversation with the man whose name had called forth such a volume of verbal detestation from Theo. True, he was elderly and ugly; but he was clever, other people told her; and she heard that his voice could soften seductively, and he had friends who were young and handsome, and honorable, and who wore tenderly-tinted gloves and waistcoats, and drove drags, and were otherwise all that was satisfactory.

Mrs. Scott remembered that he was all these things clearly and distinctly, but she bore the remembrance passively for a time. At last, however, dullness overcame her, for Theo had subided into a sad silence—silence she would not have indulged herself in had her father and mother been by to be distressed by the sight of their darling less bright than of old. Silence being ever a thing that Sydney abhorred, she finally broke it.

"I must have left my gloves in the drawing-room, they're not in these pockets," she exclaimed, suddenly starting up and inserting her hands into both pockets of her jacket, but abstaining from searching the pocket of her dress. "I will go in and look for them. No, don't trouble yourself to send the servant, she wouldn't see them if they were not under her nose; it is time for me now to go home to dinner." "I have come back to look for my gloves. Oh, here they are."

He turned directly she addressed him and smiled sweetly, as those rugged-featured men with deep dark eyes can smile occasionally. "I am sorry that your gloves were on the surface, for you will be off again at once and leave me to solitude."

David Linley was leaning against the window, looking out at the river with absorbed attention apparently for he did not turn his head when the door opened, or give any sign of a consciousness of being no longer alone, until Sydney spoke.

"I have come back to look for my gloves. Oh, here they are."

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away. It's not often I venture upon a quote, though," she continued shrewdly, "and I don't know what that is from, but it is just expressive of sentiment here when you're gone."

"I am glad that you will miss me."

"You will think?"

"No, don't, please," Sydney cried fervently. "If you do, I should have to answer your letters, and if you only know how I have written you wouldn't say no to me. But I really shall miss you, especially as Hargrave is ordered off next week. Friends never come singly."

"The greater trouble will shorten the lesson; you will forget my loss in Hargrave's."

"Perhaps I shall, and won't be natural? I'm not a stickler for 'woman's friendship,' or any trifles of that kind, only you suit me, and I can't help feeling a little sorry to lose you. But of course I am more sorry to lose Hargrave, for he can dance with me, and give me letters for the quarterly balls at Woolwich, and pay me a great many attentions that you can't. It doesn't do to talk about it. I begin to feel low. Good-bye, then—enjoy your rest to the utmost, and come back as soon as you can. After all, I almost wish I could go with you."

But Theo could not re-echo that wish just then. Her one desire was to get away from all of the old for a time, in order that she might gather herself together the more stanchly to stand any shocks that were to come. Had Hargrave never spoken those words which he had spoken to her, she would have killed her love. Her pride and her modesty would have forbidden her to suffer it to obtain in her soul without "sufficient cause." But he had spoken words that made the cause sufficient even in the judgment of those who were unbiassed by love for him. She had nourished the feeling tenderly for weeks, checking all doubt of him in her own heart, and all symptoms of suspicion on the part of others. And then love and faith and hope were all torn from the heart in which they had been all too firmly rooted, and the wounds thus made were cruel.

"I hope Theo will come back with a little more color in her cheeks; I suppose the air is good at Hensley," Mrs. Leigh said, when they were sitting round the uncomfortable early breakfast-table on the morning of Theo's departure.

Mrs. Leigh was one of those prudent women who, if travellers were about to leave by an eight-o'clock train, would take care to rouse them up at five in the grey dawn, in order that they might not be hurried. Theo's pallor under the circumstances was not surprising, but she dared not accite it to the true cause.

"And mind that you get fat while you're away, Theo," her father chimed in. "And—there, it's time to go. I wish you were coming back, my child, instead of going."

"I shall come back in a very different case, perhaps—as fat and red as you can desire."

Then she went away feeling very sick at heart, and doubtful of the wisdom of the move she was making, with a miserable foreboding that flight from an inward enemy was a futile thing.

The early hours of the journey strengthened this conviction, for she was too weary to make acute observations on the beauty of the country to be reproduced conversationally at some future time. Where are the wonderful ones to be found who do mark the land through which they tear behind an express engine, indeed? Others besides love-sick young ladies are oblivious of the beauties of nature under such conditions, and only anxious to reach their goal.

But about two o'clock she did begin to bestir herself mentally and bodily, to readjust her bonnet strings by aid of a small glass diffused inserted in a fan; to wonder who would meet her at the Hensley Station, and how far the Hensley Station was from the Hensley Vicarage; to collect about her her scattered thoughts and her books and *haw-haws*, and to otherwise prepare herself for debarkation. By the time she had done this and disarranged everything again, and began to wonder if she would reach Hensley by daylight, the train rushed up to a platform that suddenly appeared between the bridges, and the guard shouted out a name that an obliging fellow-passenger immediately translated to her as Hensley.

The air felt bracing, and was bright and clear, and so inspiring as she stepped out on the platform, and everything around, even the porters, looked clean and fresh. But it was depressing to see nothing but cleanliness and freshness—noting that could be any stretch of imagination on her part be supposed to be especially expectant of her in this strange place. The station was the reverse of an oasis in the desert; it was a barren little ugly spot in a smiling land—a land of rippling streams and glowing plantations, and orchards in which ruddy pears and yellow bloomy plums hung thickly. But there were no houses near, as far as she could see, therefore the glories of nature were rather overlooked by her as she stood casting anxious glances around, in hopes of discovering a road that looked as if it led to the vicarage.

Before despair could become her portion, a grave-looking groom came round the corner of the station-house, and Theo, infinitely relieved, almost bounded forward to meet him, feeling that help had come in his person.

"You're the young lady for bus?" he interrogated suggestively, and Theo replying at once in the affirmative he signed for a porter "to bring along the trunk," and led the way to the back of the station, where a good-looking trap, with a fine bay horse in it, was waiting under the auspices of a small boy. Theo's thought, as she mounted up on the front seat, was,—"How imagination leads one astray; I should never have supposed Uncle Vaughan would have been guilty of such a fast trap, and such a splendid horse. What drives ill have!"

The grave-looking groom took the reins in his hand and his pipe by her side, and the small boy released the boy's head, a civility which the boy immediately returned by striking at him with his near fore-leg in a playful manner. Then they went out of the station-yard, past a small pony carriage, and along a glorious country road, at a pace that made Theo feel there was much in life still.

"I should like to drive that horse; I wonder if I might?" she said at last.

The groom, vacillating no answer to this appeal, she resolved to try command, and teach the small master his proper place.

"Give me the reins," she began, holding out her hand for the reins in a way that proved the moment to take them. —*Cincinnati Gazette.*

"M'Lord's very particular about Bay Surry, ma'am."

The groom was grave and very still, but he was civil, only why did he bestow a title upon her ma'am?

"I suppose he's an absent old servant," she thought; then she added aloud, "how long she was to keep on straight," and dismissed the subject of the reverent mention of her relative from her mind.

"You must take the first turn to the left, then right up through the park to the 'one, Miss,' was the answer she received to her inquiry.

The vicarage must be a finer place, she thought, than she had imagined, since it stood in a park, and she began to feel impatient to reach it, and so greatly indicated the name to Bay Surry, who met her views magnificently.

The first turning to the left was soon gained. Theo took it elegantly, and drove through handsome lodge gates, along a grand old avenue, up to the entrance door of a house that dispelled all her preconceived notions respecting Aunt Libby, and caused her to exclaim:

"Is this the vicarage?"

"Bliss for 'art, no; this is Maddington."

"Good gracious, there's some mistake!" Theo exclaimed confoundedly. Then to her blank amaze a lady came along the terrace, which was cut in two by the carriage-drive, and said, pointing to a child who accompanied her:

"My little sister pleaded to come out and welcome you at once, mademoiselle." Then she held out her hand to Theo, who had descended from the trap in a state of bewilderment, and added:

"And I hope we shall be able to make you feel at home at Maddington."

"You are very kind, but I am afraid I have been very stupid. I left the Hensley Station under the impression that I was going to my next persons, and settled at Watervliet, N. Y."

"There the idea of a community of property was first broached, which has since been adopted by the Shaker families. Self-denial is their cardinal virtue. They believe in God, Christ, Heaven, and hell duplicated. They are non-resistants, participate in no earthly government, do not marry, live frugally and simply, and consider idleness sinful. Those who differ from them are 'world's people.' Their name is derived from their motions in worship, which exercise both soul and body, and consist, in part, of marches, dances, and singing. Anne Lee, the daughter and wife of a blacksmith, was the author and founder of the system. Joseph Meacham, a Baptist preacher of Enfield, Ct., was an early convert to this faith, and improved its practice. Three missionaries were sent out from Lebanon, N. Y., which is considered the parent society, having five hundred members, in 1805, into Ohio and Kentucky, and they made proselytes in those states. There are now eighteen societies, and about four thousand members in this country, divided as follows: Four in Massachusetts, one in Connecticut, two in New Hampshire, two in Maine, three in New York, four in Ohio, and two in Kentucky. Each society has from two to eight households, and averages seven acres of land to each member.

The Enfield society was established in 1795, by eight persons poor and in debt. They have grown to their present form, though sometimes more prosperous in numbers than now. They are obliged to hire farm help more or less, owing to the scarcity of numbers. The middle or church family here, which doubtless represents one-fourth of the population, cultivated last year forty acres of corn, forty acres of oats, twenty-five acres of rye, besides spring wheat, vegetables, &c., and eat one hundred and fifty tons of hay. They keep about one hundred and fifty head of cattle, of which twenty-five are cows of the native Durham and Alderney grades. These animals are mostly kept at a new barn built in 1854. It is 40 by 90 feet in size, with a high and capacious manure cellar under the whole, and what is remarkable, the building is raised up, so that in the cellar there is neither pillar nor post. The building stands on the side of a hill, the main drive-way is in the attic, and the hay is pitched down into bays on either side. Under the barn floor, and connecting with it by scuttles, is the feeding floor, and some eight feet lower are the cattle, while under all is a cellar at least twelve feet in height. Here are manufactured some five hundred loads of manure annually. The walls of the cellar are of stone, quarried under the building.

The Shakers pride themselves on their stock, and justify. They "get the best" and breed only from thoroughbred males. They feed well, but carefully avoid waste. The first thing in the morning the cows have one or two feedings of hay, then roots sprinkled with dry meal, then they are watered, then hay and stocks, then roots and meal as before, and lastly hay. Their young stock is kept in shaded yards, and is divided according to age and quality. They all have wide mangers and generally a rack behind, so that every spire of hay is saved.

Their horses are generally very good. We saw a fine bay breeding mare and four of her colts of various ages. Three were "Ashlands," and all sorrel, and the youngest a bay Hamitonian filly. The Shakers eat no pork, but raise a few hogs for the gentiles. The Shakers are posted on vegetable raising. We learned that imported radishes was considered best; also, home-grown red and yellow onions.

Two-thirds of the crop will be scallions if foreign seed is used. The onion maggot began to operate in Vermont and New Hampshire ten or fifteen years ago, and has gradually extended to this locality. Their remedy, which is partially effective, is half a barrel of saltpetre, one barrel of ashes, and one barrel of phosphate mixed per acre, sown upon the young crop. They sow onions in drills 14 inches apart, with French ruts between, and use four pounds of onion seed to the acre. The remedy for the striped squash bug is birch charcoal dust.

A better remedy, suggested by a gentleman of much experience in the agricultural trade in this city, is air-slacked lime and yellow sand in equal parts. Put it into a sleeve and rap it gently when the dew is on the plant, and the bugs will leave instant or sneeze to death.

It is pleasant to have Shaker friends, to meet them on the street or at their homes, to see the neat, plain attire of the Shakeresses, and the demure looks of the little Shakers; to sit in their high-backed chairs and carpetless rooms and enjoy their hospitality; but one cannot resist the conviction that this is not the best way to live. We believe in families all our own. Still they point to the fact that they are the only people in the world who have maintained for seventy years a system of living, one of the fundamental principles of which is a community of property. Who ever saw a Shaker drink, or smoke, or lie, or swear, or steal? There is so much in their favor.

MISS MARTINFAU ON MURRAY.—Lindley Murray was an American. He came to England in middle life, and remained solely for the sake of the mildness of our climate, which was rendered necessary to him by the loss of health. Under a condition of muscular weakness, which prevented his walking for the rest of his days, he contentedly gave up the usual objects and amusements of life, and humbly devoted himself to be as useful as he could from his invalid chair. His school books spread by tens of thousands over both his native and his adopted country, and the proceeds might have made him very rich. But he thought he had enough already for his simple tastes and moderate desires, and he gave way to those who were in need the entire profits of his works. Thus, much as we have learned from his books, we may learn something better from his life. —*History of the Poor.*

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The Shakers.  
A VISIT TO THE COMMUNITY IN ENFIELD, CONNECTICUT—SHAKER WORK AND RELIGION.  
[From the Springfield Republican.]

A Man Who Was not Slept for Over Fourteen Years.

At present there is a visitor at the Charter Hill Military Hospital, Philadelphia, who has not slept for a single moment for fourteen years and six months. This may seem incredible, but nevertheless it is true, and can be verified by numbers of persons. The individual is an intelligent man, naturally, and has the benefit of a moderate education. His name is C. D. Jenkins, sergeant of Company G, 15th Virginia Volunteers. He entered the service of the United States on December 28, 1863. He is in the forty-fifth year of his age. His health has been generally excellent during his life. In 1849 he was attacked with cholera, and since that period with lung fever on two occasions. In the summer of 1850 sleep forsook him, and since that time he has never slept the least drowsy. He has always had a temperate life. His wife and children reside in Putnam county, West Virginia. Since he entered the Union army he has been on seven raids, and in four charges, during which time he informed us that he never felt tired or sleepy. He was in the four charges made beyond Harper's Ferry, Va., on the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th of last August, and yet he did not feel the least sleepy. Why it is that he cannot or does not sleep is as much a mystery to him as it is to many scientific gentlemen, who, having had their attention called to him, have been surrounded in their attempts to investigate the cause.

Upon one occasion, at his request, a number of curiously-inclined gentlemen watched him for forty-two days and nights consecutively, in order, if possible, to arrive at the cause of the wonderful phenomenon. These gentlemen took turns with each other in the progress of watching, so that if he should chance to sleep it would be observed. Some of the watchers became drowsy, and it was as much as he could do to avert them. This singular man was sent to Philadelphia by order of the field surgeon. He was admitted into the hospital at Chestnut Hill on the 17th of November last, suffering from chronic diarrhoea and rheumatism. He has nearly recovered from his physical disability. His appetite is good, but he does not sleep. He retires to bed, the same as other soldiers, but he cannot sleep. He simply receives physical rest. This brief narrative of a most wonderful phenomenon may seem fabulous, but the reader is assured that it is the truth.—*Phila. Press.*

Quizzing a Professor.  
The following "supposed egypt" on the famous geologist Buckland, was written by the less famous Archbishop Whately, of Dublin:

Where shall we our great Professor inter,

That in peace may rest his bones?

If we hew him a rocky sepulchre,

He'll rise and break the stones,

And examine the stratum that lies around,

For he's quite in his element under ground.

If with mattock and spade his body we lay

In the common alluvial soil,

He'll start up and snare these tools away

Of his own geological toll;

Is a stratum so young the Professor disdains

That embedded should lie his organic remains.

Then exposed to the drip of some case-hardening

Spring,

His carcass let stalactite cover,

And to Oxford the petrified sage let us bring,

When he is encrusted all over;

There, in mid-mammouth and crocodiles, high on

a shelf,

Let him stand as a monument raised to himself.

This reminds us of the amusing drawing made by a friend of Dr. Buckland, as a sort of quiz upon his geological lectures at Oxford, when he was treating upon Ichthyosaurus, a race of extinct fish like lizards. The subject of the drawing may be thus described: Times are supposed to be changed. Man is found only in a fossil state, while the Ichthyosaurus have reappeared, and instead of Prof. Buckland giving a lecture upon the head of an Ichthyosaurus, Prof. Ichthyosaurus is delivering a lecture on the head of a fossil man. Around the Professor, whose jaws and teeth are monstrous as compared with those of a human subject, is gathered a class of attentive listeners of the same race as himself, all anxious to learn the history of the creature to whom their own curiosities, in comparison to their own diminutive skull, belonged. Prof. Ichthyosaurus is made thus to address his audience: "You will at once perceive that the skull before me belonged to some of the lower order of animals—the teeth are very insignificant, the power of the jaws trifling; and also, it seems curious how the creature could have procured food."

DIRECTING MURDER BY PHOTOGRAPH.—The police authorities of Florence, Italy, are reviving the old idea of discovering murder by examining the impression made upon the retina of the murdered person's eye. An Italian woman, Amelie Spagnoli, having been murdered, her eye was photographed, and magnified, when something like a human head was observed on the impression which is said to have the general expression of the photograph of the supposed murderer. There was a great deal of doubt expressed whether the impression was that of a face at all, the cloudy outline observed being more like a human face than anything else. A large number of medical and scientific persons, artists and sculptors, took an interest in the examination. The investigation may serve to entertain the curious, but evidence founded upon such examinations would be a very unsafe reliance for a jury to act upon, so that the ends of justice probably will never be much promoted by such investigations. A murderer, by approaching his victim from behind, could prevent his crime being optically photographed, and suspicion might be thrown upon a person entirely innocent, if he was the man who had fixed his eye. The idea might be a tolerably good subject for a sensation drama.

THE POLITICAL LIFE OF LORD PALMERSTON.—The political life of Lord Palmerston has been longer than that of any statesman of the present century, at home or abroad. That of Prince Metternich lasted fifty-four years; that of the Duke of

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE LAND.—A writer for a Boston paper, who has visited the great falls on the Snake river, the northern fork of the Oregon, says, "the distance the whole volume of water falls in one sheet, is two hundred feet. Above there is about twenty-five to thirty feet fall before it reaches the grand fall. The width of the grand fall I should judge to be about 2,500 feet. I have visited Niagara many times, but this fall eclipses it far. Four miles farther up we found another one of less note, where the water divides into two parts, and falls a distance of 167 feet." When the Pacific railroad is completed this will become a fascinating visiting place, as Niagara is now, with, however, a wider range of curiosities to attract the attention of visitors.

A LUCKY INVENTOR.—The government has adopted the Hamlin rifle as that for future use in the U. S. service. Mr. H. is in addition to his salary as superintendent, receives \$10,000 in gold, and \$2,000 each rifle manufactured. In such immense armies as ours, this will amount to a very large sum.

WE WOULD CALL THE ATTENTION of our readers to Professor John H. Hart's invention, the "Mary H. Trop's Hearing Aid," for Young Ladies, at 1041 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.—This is a device of a high order, deserving the patronage of those who wish to give their daughters advantages of a superior character. The principle of the school, which I have well, is eminently skillful as a teacher, with large experience in her profession, and is in every way deserving of confidence and patronage. John H. Hart."

GRAY HAIR RESTORED TO ITS ORIGINAL YOUTHFUL COLOR.—BALMUS PREVENTED.

"Ladies" "Hair Col'r Restorer," "Ladies" "Balm" "Hair Color Restorer."

The hair is removed and strengthened and restored to its original color without the application of mineral oil. Can be applied to the head or to the skin, as it does not stain the skin or the hands.

It is elegantly perfumed. A pleasure to apply.

Price 75 cents per bottle, or \$4 the half dozen. Sold by Dr. SWAYN & SON, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Send express to say address. Subs-  
-now

FIRE AT COST—Closing out the balance of our Fire. CHARLES OAKFORD & Sons, Continental Hotel.

COC'S Tonic Elixir is a sure remedy for depression of spirits and nervous, or sickness of the stomach, and in particular, how to remove a worm from the body and cure of gout. It is distributed to the trade, and can be taken in small doses without injury, and should be in every family Principal Office, SAMUEL C. HART, No. 91 South Broad street, below Market. For sale by Druggists generally.

ARMY ITCH VERY PREVALENT. BURE CURE.

"Dr. Swaine's All-Healing Ointment."

"Dr. Swaine's All-Healing Ointment."

Great "itch" could stand, half a pint, Sennet, all druggists. Price 25 cents. Send to Dr. Swaine, 114 W. 14th & SON, 20 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, a box will be mailed to any part of the United States

GENTLEMEN'S HATS—New styles just received at CHARLES OAKFORD & Sons, Continental Hotel.

AMERICAN LADIES, to heighten their color and beauty, should take one tablespoonful of Dr. T. B. Talbot's MEDICATED PINEAPPLE Cider at dinner, also when they retire at night, and when they rise in the morning. For sale everywhere. B. T. Bantam, 10th & 11th, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, New York.

Henry C. Kellogg, Agent, 8 W. corner of Chestnut and Water Sts., Philadelphia.

FIRE AT COST—Closing out the balance of our Fire. CHARLES OAKFORD & Sons, Continental Hotel.

FACTS FOR SOLDIERS.—Throughout the Indian and Crimean campaigns, the only medicines which proved themselves able to cure the worst cases of Dysentery, Scorbut, and Fever, were WILLOW BARK & PINEAPPLE. Therefore, let every Volunteer see that he is supplied with them. If the soldier of the "Union" cannot get hold of Pineapple, he can get it from a druggist in his town. Let him write to me in Madras, India, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many soldiers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as other persons' make 10 cents, 25 cents, and \$1.00 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

#### THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been rather more demand in Philadelphia, and the price is now 15cts. bbl. at \$10.75 per cwt. 51cts. 75cts. per cwt. for flour, and \$15.50 for fancy brands. Rice Flours and Corn Meats are quiet, with small sales of the former at \$10.75 & 9cts. bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and Wheat meets with a limited demand at about previous rates, with sales of \$5,000 per bbl. for flour, and \$10,000 per bbl. for meal. The price of Corn is quiet, and \$10,000 per bbl. for white, the latter for Kentucky. Rice is selling at 17cts. 75cts. Corn—Sales of 10,000 bbls. at 16cts. 50cts. Oats—Sales of 15,000 bbls. at 9cts. per bbl.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the Hog product generally is non-existent, and trapping Sales at 10cts. per bbl. for Pork, Dried Ham, &c. at 15cts. the last the Meat Ham is quoted at 25cts. 75cts. the latter for extra, and Ham at 20cts. 9cts. bbl. For Bacon the sal. continues limited at 30cts. 50cts. for plain and fancy Hams, and 30cts. 40cts. for Shoulder. Green Peas sell at 20cts. per bbl. in pickle, and 15cts. 15cts. for choice in salt. Lard—Sales of 25cts. 25cts. for barrels, and 25cts. 25cts. for casks, as to quality. Butter is offered at 20cts. 60cts. for roll, and 40cts. for packed, as to quality, the latter for See Ghee. Cheese is steady at 18cts. 25cts. Eggs are dull—14cts. 25cts. dozen.

COTTON.—There was a better feeling in the market for the last few weeks, but with very little doing, yet at 14cts. 25cts. for low and good middling quality.

RUM.—Sales 150 bbls. No. 1 Quercetons are reported at \$10. 75cts. Tannin's Bark is quiet.

SEWING AX.—is selling at 65. 70cts. & 75cts. bbl.

COTTON.—The demand is fair for the supply of the Eastern markets. For home use there is about two weeks' business doing, without change in quotations.

COFFEE.—The market is very quiet for Rio, COFFEE—Retail price of 5cts. per lb.

PEA FLOURS—Sales at 75cts. 9cts. bbl.

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## WIT AND WISDOM.

What for "An Overcoat?"

It is a queer, disreputable sort of a coat, and the better you, cap, and slipper, and when everybody else would stay at home and mind their business, and not bother him by calling him out at his door.

An elderly picture from John's joke summoned him to his door the other day, not by pulling the bell, but by two or three peremptory raps with a cudgel, a bit of blarney, an severe-looking man, whose authoritative look and impudent manner were not at all pleasing to Mr. Griff, who judged at a glance, by his style of dress and unmistakable Irish cast of face, that he had "just come over."

"Can ye tell me's never-coort?" was the sudden and unintelligible question of the bearer of the cudgel, with a scowling and fiery glance at the cross-looking Griff, rapping the steps with his stick, to denote he was in a hurry.

"What do ye say?" said Griff, bending his head to hear more distinctly.

"'V never-coort-e!" said Pat, louder, and with a scowl that showed that he did not like the looks of Griff at all, and was ready to quarrel with him at short notice. "Can ye?"

"I don't understand you," replied Griff, impatiently. "Speak plainer."

"Begorra! and isn't it me that's spaking plain, so I am. Are you deaf?"

"No—and you needn't speak quite so loud. Hearing and understanding are different things, and I don't understand what you would be at."

This cavalier speech exasperated the man still more, and did not have the effect of clearing his articulation.

"It's 'v never-coort that I'd be larnin—ov never-coort-e! and be jabbers! If ye can't understand that, yer head must be tick as a pig."

"An overcoat? Oh, now I see! You want me to give you an overcoat. But, my dear man, I don't see that you stand in particular need of an overcoat this hot weather—nor an undercoat, neither. The coat you have on isn't exactly rag, and is well enough for a poor man."

"Howly Moses! The devil take yer shupidity! It isn't or over-coort, but ov an over-coort that I'm axing."

"Where's the difference?"

"I'm not axing ye to give me an over-coort; but can ye tell me ov an over-coort?"

"Can I tell you of an overcoat?" said Griff, still perplexed. "Why, of course, I can tell you of a great many overcoats. I have two myself, and I intend to keep them. Perhaps you have lost an overcoat, but I don't see why you should come to me. I haven't got it. Go to the police."

"To tunder wid the palace, ye blunderherin' o'meadow, yer! I've towid ye it's not a coort for me back I'm after, but an over-coo-oo-coort, a shmarl shtrai!"

"Small street? Oh! Now I know. When you say 'an over-coort, you mean you want to find a place called Hanover court. Is that it?"

"Just! ye wiss owl. Where is it?"

"I don't know. The next street is Hanover street, and it is a very long one; you'll have a good many chances to find it there, and a good many more to miss it."

And Griff shut the door quickly, to escape the stick shied at him by the infuriated Irishman.

"Charge it to Father."

A dry goods dealer, well known in the vicinity of Broadway, and somewhat prominent for his various shaks and jerks when he pronounces the streets, was on a foraging expedition a few days since in the Centre market. Seeing a buxom Bucker girl in the distance, he approached her, seized her hand, and exclaimed, with much warmth:

"How do you, my dear young friend? how is your father and mother? when did you leave home? Ah, excuse me, I have forgotten your name, but I stayed all night at your father's house a year ago. (Her father had been dead for ten years.) Perhaps you don't recollect me. My name is —; my store is on Broadway: call on me—I shall be happy to sell you some bargains," and leaving his card in her hand, our man of taste departed.

Not long afterwards appeared the not very green young lady, who selected goods to the amount of twenty dollars, and picking them up was about leaving, when the polite shopkeeper and friend of the family exclaimed:

"Excuse me, miss, you have forgotten the bill."

"Oh, no," replied Miss Bucker, "please charge it to father."

Evidently confounded, our long friend suffered verdancy in muslin to leave with the bill unpaid.

"The Way you Always Stopped."

The Vermont Record tells a good story of an innocent old lady, who never before "rid on a railroad," who was passenger on one of the Vermont railroads at the time of a recent collision, when a freight train, smashing one of the cars, killed several passengers, and upset things generally. As soon as he could recover his scattered sense, the conductor went in search of the venerable dame, whom he found sitting solitary and alone in the rear (the other passengers having sought their seats) with a very plain expression of countenance, ejaculating that she had made a complete nonentity over the seat in front, and her handbag and bundle had gone unconsciously down the passage way.

"Are you hurt?" inquired the conductor.

"Hurt! why?" said the old lady. "We have just been run into by a freight train, two or three passengers have been killed and several others severely injured."

"Low me! I didn't know but that was the way you always stopped."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—A bookseller in Philadelphia lately received an order from the country for a book called "In a Garden." He sent what was desired—Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," which the rural bibliophile having heard something hardly pronounced, understood to mean what she wrote. Washington Irving used to make his friends merry about an English bookeller who ordered "The Earl of Hamboro," instead of "The Alhambra."

"A wag the other day asked his friend, "How many know do you suppose live in this street besides yourself?" "Besides myself?" replied the other; "do you mean to insult me?" Well, then," said the first, "how many do you reckon including yourself?"



STREET ARABS.—"Hoo curis yer hair, Gov'nour?"

A Model Sportsman.

A Paris correspondent tells the following story:—Coming home to Paris by railway last Sunday evening, I found myself *tete-a-tete* with a good-natured Parisian, who was dressed in a most elaborate sporting costume. He wore a thick dark-green jacket, conspicuous on account of its large brass buttons with stag's heads thereon. His boots were a sort of leather overalls, reaching up to the hips. A broad strap over the breast was attached to a very large net game-bag, and a knife as long as a small sword in a smart scabbard was secured by another band. He carried a gun in a leather case, and was also provided with an umbrella, and a flask, which he continued to remove from one pocket to another pocket, as if he never could get it in the right place. He was a man about fifty years of age, with pallid features, which told of city life, and there was an air of sadness on his countenance, anything but indicative of the "jolly sportsman." My travelling companion informed me that it is now a custom in Paris for half-a-dozen commercial men like himself to join and pay, say 1,000 francs, for permission to shoot for the season over an estate not too far from Paris. Baskets, now and then a partridge and hare, and small birds, appear to be the sort of game generally found, and that, too, in no great abundance. The costume and the trip on the rail appear to be the main attractions. My companion was in a melancholy mood, and declared he was getting too old for a sportsman. He intended to give it up, for his sporting ended in nothing but colds and satirical observations from his wife. In a very solemn tone he continued:—*"Permettez que je déboutonne"* (and, having done so, made a clean breast of it). "I was dragged into this sporting business. I never admitted it, like a good many other people who do things they don't like from pride and vanity; so I come down now and then and pass a miserable day. I was obliged to take an early train (five o'clock) to get to Royon. I was attacked by two dogs going to our rendezvous. I joined me. Not one of my companions joined me. I stood under a tree, opened the umbrella, and tormented myself with thinking how much happier I should be breakfasting in a *cafe* at Paris. I remained in the rain all day as a painful duty. I did not even see a rabbit. This hare I got from a friend. If I go home with an empty bag, my wife is nagging at me all the week. Now, look what trouble this innocent hare gets me into. I must pay eight sous entrance-duty into Paris. That may keep me twenty minutes at the control-office. When I get home (for I'm late) I shall doubtless hear a few observations about cockney sportsmen, and perhaps a dogie expressed whether I have left Paris at all to day. In these times women are full of suspicion—I'll give it up." Whilst convincing himself that such was the wisest resolution he had ever made in his life, the train stopped, and we had reached Paris. Shaking hands, he exclaimed mournfully, "You've no gun and have to carry, and perhaps not a wife at home. Ah! la! la! la!"

Happiness.

The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation that happiness is one large and beautiful precious stone, a single gem so rare that all search after it vainly, all effort for it hopeless. It is not so. Happiness is a Mosaic composed of many smaller stones. Each taken apart and viewed singly may be of little value, but when all are grouped together and judiciously combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which a gracious Providence scatters in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are so apt to overlook. Why should we always keep our eyes fixed on the bright, distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very ardor of our chase after Happiness may be the reason that she so often eludes our grasp. We pantingly strain after her when she has been graciously brought nigh unto us.

WHAT is "Humble Pie?" Mr. C. W. Smith's "Clerical Elocution" gives the following explanation on this subject:—"Humble Pie" is an incorrect spelling of "umble-pie," a pie made of "umble," plural noun, meaning a deer's entrails. To eat "umble-pie" is to eat the poorest dish.

"Will you have it rare, or well done?" said an Englishman to an Irishman, as he was cutting a slice of roast beef. "I love it well done; ever since I am in this country," replied Pat, "for it was rare enough we used to eat it in Ireland."

Flowers in India.

FROM THE LETTER OF AN ENGLISH LADY.

The gardens I have seen in India are not to be compared with those at home; one sees here nothing of the gorgeous blaze of flowers which make our gardens so gay. At present the peacock is the handsomest flower to blossom; it grows very freely, and its flowers, or rather its bunch of crimson leaves surrounding the flower, form a brilliant contrast to the rich green of the other plants. The great art here in gardening is to water well, and the flower-beds are generally surrounded with little canals for this purpose; but the most valued flowers are kept in pots. We have plenty of roses here in December: they smell very sweet, but are of a poor, thorny kind, and there is no variety. I mentioned this to a gentleman who is fond of his garden, when he begged to tell me that he himself had six kinds. This would not make our gardeners at home very proud; and I think you could produce at least ten times as many in your garden, though it is but a small one. The palms were the first novelty that struck me as we approached the shore of India, and they have still a charm, though no longer new: there are so graceful, so picturesque, so unlike their poor, miniature representatives in hot-houses at home. They are of various kinds: the prettiest, I think, are the date-palms, with their long drooping, feathery foliage; but they are not at all like those we saw in Egypt, and are valued here, not for their fruit, but for their juice. It is amusing to see the natives climbing up the stems like monkeys, in the evenings, to take down a pot of juice. It must be no easy matter to get up, for some kinds of palms have very tall, straight, smooth stems. The sap soon ferments, and is made into an ardent spirit; it is also used to raise bread.

Light infantry movements—Agitating a cradle with a baby in it.

AGRICULTURAL.

Eggs in Winter.

A successful manager of fowls tells in the Country Gentleman how he gets eggs, in winter, from his fowls. He keeps feed and clean water within their reach constantly, also shells or bones pounded, or old mortar; grass, cabbage, or other vegetables, of which they are fond, boiled potatoes, turnips, or the peelings of them, and scraps from the table daily. The potatoes and turnips boiled with coarse Indian meal, or corn and oats growing together, and fed cold or partially so, *never hot*; serap meat that comes from the tallow chandler's or pork butcher's in cakes, is good; make a hole, basin-like, into a cake, and fill it with water, which affords them drink and softens the scrap so as to make it palatable to them. When they have picked it to pieces, soak or boil the refuse with meal, and feed it the same as potatoes, etc. The fowls have warm, clean, airy quarters. The litter closes as follows:—"Remember that hens are only machines for making eggs, and like the mill for making flour, if the grain is not put into the hopper, the flour will not come out. As the grain is to the hopper, so are the feed, water, vegetables, lime, pounded shells, bones, etc., to the hens."

WISER YOUNG FOLKS.—A friend of ours recently bought a barrel of flour for thirteen dollars and a half. On opening it and lifting a skin which he knew held forty pounds, he noticed that about a quarter of the barrel had been taken out. That induced him to weigh the whole, which he did carefully, and the result was 178 pounds, or *eighteen pounds short of the legal weight!* Then he measured the barrel and found it to measure far less cubic inches than a flour barrel ought to have. We believe it was the "Mills" brand. In these times of high prices it becomes purchasers to be on their guard against imposition and the only sure way is the scales. The tare of a flour barrel is 20 pounds. The whole weight should be 216 pounds.—Miss Floryman.

CO-OPERATIVE FARMS IN ENGLAND.—We regard the following statement of great significance, as indicating a most hopeful improvement in the condition of farm-laborers in England:

"Mr. John Gardon, Assington, Suffolk, writes to the Social Science Association, that in 1859 he let a farm of one hundred acres to a company of twenty farm-laborers on certain conditions, among which he agreed to furnish capital for its cultivation without interest. After a few years all the capital was repaid, and now, owing to the energy and unrewarded attention of the local clergy who act as directors, the company has upwards of £25,000 on hand. A second experiment of the same kind, established a few years later, has been scarcely less successful."

TAN-BARK FOR POTATOES.—A gardener at Troyes, "having observed that everybody living in the quarter of the town occupied by tanners escaped the cholera, determined to try the virtue of tan when planting potatoes. For this purpose he placed a shovelful of tan in the trench under the seed in a part of the field, and planted the remainder in the ordinary way. On digging out the potatoes he found that those which were planted near the tan were perfectly sound, while the others were diseased. He found, further, that potatoes were preserved in the winter by spreading tan on the floor of the storehouse."

PROPER RIPENING OF PEARS.—To illustrate the importance of the proper ripening of pears, a story was told at the late session of the American Pomological Society about a gentleman's buying a crop of the Winter Nellie of a neighbor who said he had fed it to his hogs for thirty years. The gentleman bought the farmer's crop of pears, took them home, stored them in his cellar, piling potatoes over them. When ripened, he sent his farmer friend a half dozen of them, who was so pleased with their rich flavor that he soon came over to see Mr. P——, and get grafts of that new variety of pear he had sent him.

HOPS KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—To save the trouble and expense of separate poles to each hill, some hop-growers have adopted the plan of stretching wires from side to side of the field, to support twines or smaller wires up which the vines are trained. We find in the Tribune a report of some remarks on hop-raising made before the New York Farmers' Club, in which it is stated that a field of six acres trained upon wires was all killed by a single flash of lightning.

THE RIDDLES.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in foot, also in mouth.

My 2d is in north, also in south.

My 3d is in east, also in west.

My 4th is in snow, also in grain.

My 5th is in wind, also in rain.

My 6th is in iron, also in wire.

My 8th is in rest, also in tire.

My 9th is in early, also in late.

My 10th is in crooked, also in strait.

My 11th is in youth, also in years.

My 13th is in after, also in before.

My 14th is in dark, also in fair.

My 15th is in single, also in pair.

My 16th is in carriage, also in cart.

My 17th is in boat, also in mast.

My 18th is in present, also in past.

My 19th is in hollow, also in hill.

My 20th is in noisy, also in still.

My 21st is in black, also in pale.

My 22d is in drive, also in lead.

My 24th is in plenty, also in need.

My 26th is in poor, also in proud.

My 27th is in laugh, also in sigh.

My 28th is in distant, also in high.

My 29th is in water, also in sea.

My whole was one of the grandest exhibitions ever held in this country.

J. L. SINGLETTON.

Triple Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A kind of meat.

A girl's name.

A Latin word, meaning vigor.

An adjective, meaning quick, or wary.

A town of Northern Italy.

A city of Ohio.

My initials, centrale, and finale, form three boys' names.

S. HORACE G.

Chasade.

WRITTEN